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NUMBER 12.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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TERMS.
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purity and richness of tone, durability and
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MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
of the Firm of
CLEMONS & REDINGTON,
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Wholesale and retail dealers in PIANO FORTES,
MELODEONS, SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, and
all kinds of musical merchandise. Terms
Semi-annual and Trade supplied at the usual
discounts. Retail prices the same as in Boston
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tion warranted.
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Stewart's Block, Main St.,
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Booms up two flights of stairs.

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Office at the house of Rev. J. Steele, on Wey-
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April 29, 1859.

N. HARRIS M. D.,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.
Teeth filled with Crystallized Gold, all opera-
tions done in Dentistry as usual, office at his resi-
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Surgical and Mechanical Dentist,
Rooms in Brewster's Block, Main St., one door
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All operations upon the Teeth will be performed
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CALVIN G. TILDEN,
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H. C. WILCOX,
Dealer in
Boots and Shoes, Trunks,
LEATHER FINDINGS, &c.
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Manufacturer and dealer in
Excelsior, Hair, Buck, Palm Leaf and Cotton
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Hair and Feather Pillows, Beds, Wedge Bolsters,
Cushions, all kinds, made to order, Bedsteads and
Spring Beds all kinds, with prices from \$5 to \$40.
Repairing Mattresses, Beds, &c., done at short
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SCHOOL, CLASSICAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND
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Sheet Music, Periodicals, Newspapers, &c.,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

S. HOLTON, JR.,
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
car the Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.
1 work done in a neat and durable manner
At low rates.

N. BROUSSO,
DEALER IN
Plain and Fancy Harnesses,
SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS &c.
Together with a general assortment of Harness
and Saddle Wares.
Neat's Foot Oil sold as usual.
Shop one door north of the Court House.
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E. McCLURE,
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J. E. WYLIE & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
34 FRONT STREET,
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JOHN E. WYLIE,
GEORGE W. WYLIE,
CALVIN B. REYNOLDS.

POETRY.

For the Register.

Song.

I must not love thee though they tell—
And ah! I know it far too well—
That thou art good and wise;
I must not love thee though my dream
Is haunted by the witching gleam
Of thy dark eyes.

I must not love thee! pallid grief
Has marked that brow, and, like a thief,
Disrupted those cheeks of bloom;
Alas! I cannot hope to win
The heart that lieth buried in
A lost one's tomb.

But may I not, sometimes, when all
The future wears a cloudy pall
Without one shining rift—
May I not point thee far away
Into the everlasting day
Towards which we drift?

May I not tell thee how we trust
That she is safe where "moth and rust"
Corrode or canker never?—
And if thy lamp be burning bright
Thou mayest pass from out the night
To live forever.

Hope on! Thine eyes are dim with tears,
But clouds will flee, and weary years
Shall surely know an end;
I too will hope, for though not now,
Thy time may come, perhaps, when thou
Wilt call me friend.

Orwell, June 1859.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mysterious Death at Castellane.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A FRENCH DETECTIVE.

I had some renown as a successful
rogue-catcher; and I had some experience
too. My field of operations, as a usual
thing, lay within the confines of the De-
partment of Lower Alps; and though I
served under the Sub-Prefect of the Third
Arrondissement, yet the Prefect of the
Department called upon me when he chose.

One morning—it was the latter part of
May—I received a note from the Prefect
ordering me to come to Digne and see
him with all possible dispatch. The mis-
sive came through the office of our Sub-
Prefect, so I had nothing to do but get
ready and start. I took an early dinner,
browned my face and hands, and set out.

I reached Digne just at night-fall, and as
soon as it was dark waited upon the Pre-
fect. He seemed to be relieved when he
saw me, and at once took me to his pri-
vate closet.

"Now," said I, "have you got work
for me?"

"Yes. Set down and listen," he re-
plied.

We sat down, and having tasted the
glass of wine, he proceeded:

"Within a few months past there have
been some of the most mysterious murders
committed in this Department, and in the
Department of Var that have ever come
under my notice. They are done, mostly
on the road from Castellane to Aups. The
first victim was a Marseilles merchant,
who had come up to Castellane to pur-
chase preserved fruits. His body was
found by the road side near the line be-
tween the two Departments; and at first
it was supposed that he must have fallen
there dead in a fit, as no marks of violence
could be found upon him. His pockets
had been rifled, however. The next one
was found near Arnot, and under the same
circumstances. He was a merchant also,
and from Nice. Since then five or six
have died upon the road in the same mys-
terious manner, and no marks of ill usage
have been found upon any of them; but
they have all been robbed."

"Have most of them stopped in Castella-
ne?" I asked.

The Prefect told me they had.

"And I suppose they must have put
up in some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the Prefect.

I then supposed that some of the land-
lords must be concerned. But my com-
panion informed me that they had been
narrowly watched and that no shadow of
evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some
poison in this matter. Some inn keeper
may administer the potion, and then send
an accomplice after the victim."

"No," returned the Prefect, with a
shake of the head. "Experienced physi-
cians have examined the stomachs of
several of the dead men, but no trace of
poison has been found. It is a mysterious
affair.—The Sub-Prefect has done all he
could, but without effect; and now we
mean to give the whole thing into your
hands. You must go to Castellane at
once, and there you can get such farther
information as the Sub-Prefect can give
you."

After conferring awhile longer with the
Prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary
tradesman's clothing, and thus habited I
went to a hotel and put up for the night.

In the morning I procured a horse, set
out, and reached Castellane before noon.

During the day I pretended to be doing
business. I went to the woolen factory
and examined a lot of stuff; and also
visited several places where preserved
fruits were put up. I learned that most
of the people who came there on business
stopped at an inn kept by a man named

Juan Fontrix; so I left my horse there
and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the Sub-Pref-
ect. He told me he had used all the
means within his power but had been able
to gain no clue to the guilty party. Most
of the murdered victims had been from
Marseilles, and the excitement in that city
was intense. Gendarmes had been sent
out upon all the roads, and the secret
police had also been on the watch.—

The last victim had fallen only fifteen
minutes after the policeman passed the
post.

I asked the Sub-Prefect if he had any
suspicions. He answered that all the sus-
picions he had held was fastened on Juan
Fontrix, the inn-keeper.—Nearly all the
murdered men had stopped at his house
and he must have known something of
their business.

I bade the officer keep perfectly quiet,
and not even let one of his own men know
of my presence. Then I returned to the inn,
and finally entered into conversation with
my host upon the subject of the mysterious
deaths. He pronounced it wonderful and
assured me that it injured him more than
he could tell.

"Parbleu!" he muttered; "they'll be
suspecting me next, if they have not done
so already."

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontrix
knew nothing of the guilty parties. He
was very fearful and at times blanched
and trembled at the thought of being ap-
prehended for the crime. Most people
would have seen in this signs of guilt; but
I thought differently.

I spent all the next day in town, esten-
sively engaged in business with the fac-
tories, but in reality hunting after some
clue to the object of my mission. Night
came again; but I found nothing new.

I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer
had laid his plans so deeply that no cir-
cumstantial claim could be found. If I
would find him, I must catch him with the
proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the
inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon.

On the next morning I called for my bill,
and informed my host that I was off for
home. Then I went to the fruit preserver's
and told him the same, stated that I must
confer with my partner before I concluded
my bargain. After this I went to the
woolen factory, and saw the business
agent. His name was Louis Cazaubon,
and he came to Castellane about a year
before. He seemed to be a straight-for-
ward business man, and yet he was the
only one I had seen whom I really wished
to suspect.

In conversing upon the murders,
he had been a little too free and off
handed, treating the subject more coolly
than a man with a heart would be apt to.

But still I had, thus far, been able to find
nothing against him. I told him as I
had told the others, that I must return to
Toulon.

"If you have not the ready money with
you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but
I was not fully prepared to pay the prices
he had demanded. He said, "Very well;
and added, that he should be happy to
sell me when I came again. I bade him
good day, and then departed. As soon
as I was alone, I began to suspect Mon-
sieur Louis Cazaubon in earnest. When
I told him I had money, but did not pur-
chase, because he charged too much, why
didn't he banter me? Simply because he
wished me to leave town with my money
in my pocket. At least so it appeared to
me. This was sufficient ground for me to
work upon and I resolved to watch the
man a little; so I rode to an out of
the-way-place, and left my horse, and then
returned and concealed myself in a posi-
tion where I could see the movements of
Louis Cazaubon. In a few minutes he
came out from his factory and walked
away. His step was hurried and eager.
I felt sure that he was not the man who
did the direct work of death. The plot
was deeper than that, or he would have
been discovered ere this. So I resolved
to wait a while and see if he returned. I
would have followed him, but he might have
done so with safety; but he might have
detected me and that would not do. How-
ever, in less than fifteen minutes he came.

—He walked now with a sober, innocent
air. It seemed to say—"Oh! I haven't
been up to any mischief, as you can see!"

I saw Cazaubon at his desk again, and
then I returned to my horse. I knew
that I had a risk to run now, but I was
ready for it. If the factory agent was at
the bottom of the crime, and meant to have
me robbed, he had already set his ma-
chinery in motion, and the next develop-
ment would be upon the road. I ex-
amined my pistols, and then left the
town, taking the road along the river, to-
wards Aups.

At the end of half an hour I came to
the slope of the Barjols mountains, and
soon afterwards entered the wood. I now
began to be very careful and keep my
eyes about me. I will not say that I was
wholly without fear; for the mysterious
manner in which the murders had been
done, verged so closely upon the marvel-
ous, that a sort of superstitious dread at-
tached to it. Had the victims been shot
or run through with a sword, or had their
throats cut, I should have felt no sort of
dread. But this was new ground. Death
had come here, nobody knew how. It
might have come from an invisible hand,
and in dull silence. Yes, when I reasoned
upon the subject, I felt sure that the mur-
derer must approach very near his victim
ere the blow was struck, since it must be
some direct and powerful agent that could
cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of St
Esprit, and was descending a short, steep
hillside, when I saw a boy by the roadside,
at the foot of the descent, engaged in
whipping a mule. He was slightly built
fellow, not more than fifteen years of age,
and his coarse garments were covered
with meal. I knew that there was a mill
upon the branch of the Verdon, not far
back, and I supposed he might be the
miller's boy. As I came nearer, I saw a
large sack upon the ground, close by where
the mule stood.

"What's the matter my boy?" I asked,
as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me
and my bag of corn from his back," he
answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt," he said,
"and I can't lift this sack again. If
Monsieur would help me I would be very
grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspect-
ing the boy had not entered my head;
but the suspicion dashed upon me now.
He was altogether too keen a looking fel-
low for a miller's apprentice. He gave
me a glance from a pair of quick sharp
eyes, that meant more than what he had
spoken. And then if I had not been very
much mistaken, I had seen him holding
his mule firmly with that left hand.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved
toward him the boy being careful to watch
his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold
of that end, we will put it on." He lifted
at the other end, and pretended that it
hurt his shoulder; and he begged of me
to lift it on alone.

I professed to be willing to comply, and
stooped down for that purpose, keeping
my head in such a position that I could
watch him by a sidelong glance. As I
bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw
him carry his hand to his bosom, and
draw something out. I saw his dark eye
flash and heard his quick eager breathing.

In an instant I seized his wrist, and bent
it upward and as I did so, heard a sharp
report, like the explosion of a percussion
cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl
from the hand I held. He struggled to
free himself from my grasp but I held
him with a grip of iron, and fastened my
gaze upon him.

"I have found you, have I?" I said
drawing one of my pistols and cocking it.

"I will simply inform you that I am an
officer of the Prefecture, and have been
hunting for you. Just after a particle
more of resistance, and a bullet goes thro'
your brain.—Now give me that weapon."

The boy was frightened and trembled
quite violently.

"It is only a tobacco pipe," he said as
he gave it to me.

And certainly it looked like nothing
more; but I had seen enough of it to
know that evil was in it.—It appeared to
me to be an ordinary meerschaum pipe,
the bowl being colored as though by long
use—only the amber mouth piece was
missing. I did not stop to examine it
then, but turned my attention to its owner.

I saw that he was still trembling with
fear, and I knew that now would be the
time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Mon-
sieur Louis Cazaubon!" I remarked, by
way of letting him know that I was
thoroughly informed.

He started very plainly, and I saw
that he knew just what I meant; but he
tried to recover himself, and clumsily as-
serted that he did not know anything
about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me!" I sternly re-
plied I for know all about it. Louis Caza-
ubon has been watched by me when he
didn't dream of such a thing.—He tho't
I was a tradesman. But you are young
I would save you. Confess everything to
me, and I promise you your life shall be
spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I fol-

lowed up my advantage; and ere long I
had him bent to my wishes. I made him
understand that I held his life in my
hands; that I could protect him from the
vengeance of any one he might criminate;
that he had everything to gain and noth-
ing to lose by a full confession. He came
to it gradually and reluctantly, but my
wit finally triumphed, and I drew the
secret from him.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin.

He was born in Paris, but never knew
who his parents were. He went to live
with Cazaubon when quite young, and
had lived with him ever since. He said
that Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and
did some business in that line; that in
Paris he invented the infernal machine
which they have since used with such fa-
tal effect. About two years previous to
the present time they left Paris together
and spent a year in traveling over the
kingdom, murdering and robbing for a
living. Finally they came to Castellane,
where the master obtained his present
situation, while the boy went into a mill
close at hand.—Cazaubon marked the vic-
tims that were to be robbed, and the boy
then did the work. He used various ar-
tifices in carrying out his plan, but the
usual one was the same that he had tried
upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret
of the pipe. Only the outer surface was
of meerschaum. Within it was a pistol
of the finest steel and of the most exquisite
workmanship. The stem was the barrel,
and the lock was concealed within the
bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin
plate of metal protected the curiosity con-
tained lock, and upon this the tobacco
rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger
upon this plate discharged the weapon.

In order to cock it, the plate had to be
removed. And now comes the infernal
feature of the contrivance.—The powder
used in the little barrel was Cazaubon's
own manufacture, and very powerful. For
a wad of a piece of felt was used, and on
the top of the wad was placed the missile
which did the mischief. The boy had
two of them with him, stitched up to the
lining of his cap. He took them out and
showed them to me. The projectile was
a tiny arrow, not larger than a cat's paw
needle, with one end sharp, and the other
beaten down to a thin texture. It was fine
steel, but coated with a greenish yellow
substance, which was the most virulent
and speedy poison that the chemist's art
could concoct. That needle once within
the course of the blood, and death was
already at the heart. It punctured the
skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin.
He who sent it on its fatal errand made
sure of his aim, generally striking the
neck and the victim would fall into insen-
sibility ere he could comprehend what had
been done.

I returned to Castellane with the boy;
and having left him in charge of the Sub-
Prefect, I took a gentleman along with
me, and went to the factory.—Monsieur
Cazaubon was surprised to see me back
so soon; but he was more surprised when
I asked him to take a walk with me;
when I called in the gendarme, and bade
him put the handcuffs upon the agent, he
was ready to sink in the floor. We had
secured him before he had sense enough
to resist, and he was conveyed to the office
of the Sub-Prefect without trouble. At
first he denied everything; but when he
found that this would not avail, he swore
he would kill the boy.

In due time Monsieur Cazaubon was
tried and condemned to death and the
Prefect of Digne took possession of the
infernal machine. Before the villain was
executed he confessed his crimes—told
how many years he had worked to perfect
his fatal instrument and produced the
poison—and also owned that the boy
Henry had been driven to help him thro'
fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry
Dupin spent two years in confinement,
and was then free, and commenced an
honest life. As for me I got all the praise
I deserved, and perhaps more. At all
events, I had done the country some
service, and the people were not slow to
acknowledge it.

How to keep poor.—Buy two glasses
of ale every day, at five cents each,
amounting in one year to \$36.50; smoke
three cigars one after each meal, counting
in the course of the year to \$50.75;
keep a big dog, which will consume, in a
year at least \$15 worth of provisions, and
a cat \$5 more—altogether this amounts
to the snug little sum of \$110.25—suf-
ficient to buy several barrels of flour one
hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of
sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a
respectable dress, besides a flock for the
baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes, more
or less.

I saw that the boy wavered, and I fol-

lowed up my advantage; and ere long I
had him bent to my wishes. I made him
understand that I held his life in my
hands; that I could protect him from the
vengeance of any one he might criminate;
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hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of
sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a
respectable dress, besides a flock for the
baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes, more
or less.

I saw that the boy wavered, and I fol-

lowed up my advantage; and ere long I
had him bent to my wishes. I made him
understand that I held his life in my
hands; that I could protect him from the
vengeance of any one he might criminate;
that he had everything to gain and noth-
ing to lose by a full confession. He came
to it gradually and reluctantly, but my
wit finally triumphed, and I drew the
secret from him.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin.

He was born in Paris, but never knew
who his parents were. He went to live
with Cazaubon when quite young, and
had lived with him ever since. He said
that Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and
did some business in that line; that in
Paris he invented the infernal machine
which they have since used with such fa-
tal effect. About two years previous to
the present time they left Paris together
and spent a year in traveling over the
kingdom, murdering and robbing for a
living. Finally they came to Castellane,
where the master obtained his present
situation, while the boy went into a mill
close at hand.—Cazaubon marked the vic-
tims that were to be robbed, and the boy
then did the work. He used various ar-
tifices in carrying out his plan, but the
usual one was the same that he had tried
upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret
of the pipe. Only the outer surface was
of meerschaum. Within it was a pistol
of the finest steel and of the most exquisite
workmanship. The stem was the barrel,
and the lock was concealed within the
bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin
plate of metal protected the curiosity con-
tained lock, and upon this the tobacco
rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger
upon this plate discharged the weapon.

In order to cock it, the plate had to be
removed. And now comes the infernal
feature of the contrivance.—The powder
used in the little barrel was Cazaubon's
own manufacture, and very powerful. For
a wad of a piece of felt was used, and on